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JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIII. No. 615.

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1918.

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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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"It's so digesty,"
Little Miss Vi.

THE FOOD
BEVERAGE OF
THE PEOPLE.

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MADE AT
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THE WATFORD MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., BOISSELIERS (Boy-sol-a) CHOCOLATES, VI-COCOA, AND
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'RADIOLITE' Watches tell
the Time Day and Night
Without the Aid of Artificial Light.

RADIUM is the most ex-
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in the world, and yet it is the
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which are the most serviceable
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need a sturdy, accurate watch
for night as well as day.



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A reliable watch for
general use and hard
work.

WAR NOTE.—There are many thousands of Ingersoll
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the country. But owing to War conditions here and in
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model you require. The government demand a large
quantity of reliable watches—Ingersolls—for the war
services, and temporarily we are unable to maintain usual
supplies to the trade. Therefore on behalf of our dealers,
and on behalf of ourselves, we ask your indulgence.

Usually there is an Ingersoll Model for every one from 60/- down to 9/-.

Handsome Illustrated Catalogue sent post free upon request.

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"Radiolite" Figure.

A jewelled watch,
dependable in every
way.

GENTS

Ingersoll

WATCHES HAVE
NAME ON DIAL.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. XXIII. No. 615.

Week ending Saturday, March 16th, 1918.

Twopence.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—KAISER."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Capital and Labour.

Our suggestion for the "marriage" of these two essential elements of production—with Enterprise as the other member of the household—has received the warm approval of all sections of the community. What is wanted now is a great commonwealth union of all forces essential to the welfare of the State and of the people who compose it.

March 23rd.

That will be Saturday week—won't it?—the day of the great demonstration, at the Albert Hall, of discharged soldiers and sailors, under the auspices of the National Federation, at which we hope to be able to make an interesting announcement about our own Blue and Khaki League.

Twopence.

This week, as already announced, we become, until further notice, a twopenny journal. But we shall never, we hope, be a "twopenny-halfpenny" one.

The Irish Party.

The death of John Redmond means the death of the Nationalist Party—already shaken to its foundations by the Sinn Féiners. The heir apparent to the leadership is said to be Mr. Dillon—the Dismal Dean of Westminster; and that *would* be the last straw.

Ireland's Future.

The whole future of Ireland is now in the melting-pot. Germany is awaiting with cynical confidence the announcement of the final failure of Britain to govern successfully this little island, and is laughing at our doctrine of "self-determination." Meanwhile, we are preparing *our* plan.

The Difference.

According to the *Outlook*, "the difference between Mr. Bottomley and Lord Beaverbrook appears to be that the former has a clear perception of his real sphere of usefulness, while Lord Beaverbrook is the victim of some delusions on that point." But some men "have greatness thrust upon them."

Prince of Wales Fund.

We observe that this Fund now reaches nearly six-and-a-half millions, and that of this sum "£3,783,000 has been allocated for distribution for relief." How much of that amount has actually gone to the poor? We don't want a repetition of the scandal of the Royal Patriotic Fund.

"Come on, Japan."

So Wilson is willing. Let the yellow men help us to collect the "yellow boys" owing to the Allies.

G. B. S. on Us.

In comparing the influence of the various weekly papers, Mr. Bernard Shaw expresses the view that "politicians pay much more attention to JOHN BULL than they do to other journals. G. B. S. can write sensibly at times!"

Scotch Arithmetic.

Sheriff MacLeod ought to take a lesson in arithmetic. He recently imposed a fine of £5 on one milkman, who admitted profiteering to the extent of 3d. per gallon upon 1,628 gallons, and of £1 on another, who pleaded guilty to a similar ramp on 370 gallons—thus leaving each of the men with a profit in hand!

To Discharged Sailors and
Soldiers and their Dependants,
and all who sympathise with
them.

GREAT DEMONSTRATION
ROYAL ALBERT HALL
Saturday, March 23rd.

Principal Speakers:
MR HORATIO BOTTOMLEY
AND
MR. J. M. HOGGE, M.P.

Full particulars next week.

Italy Ready.

Do not imagine that the coming activity will be confined to the Western Front. Italy is ready—as the enemy will soon learn. In the opinion of our Special Correspondent, Mr A. G. Hales, all danger to Venice is passed.

Tank Toss.

Isn't it about time we dropped this clowning? The tank collecting business is making us the laughing-stock of Germany.

Premium Bonds.

And do not be at all surprised if, after the Tank campaign is finished, the Government decide to try the experiment of a Premium Bond issue. Our hint about the Post Office deposits has done the trick; and we have reason to believe that the lead we are about to give the Government will be quickly followed up by an official issue.

Forged Food Tickets.

So our warning was not without justification. We hear that already there are thousands of forged tickets at the Ministry of Food. And now a new kind of paper is to be used. In the meantime, the forgers have been doing a fine trade.

Our Coronet.

According to the *New Statesman*, which is supposed to get to know things, "a peerage for Mr. Bottomley is no longer a quite inconceivable thing." Anybody know of a good second-hand coronet?

Dr. Saleeby.

We observe that this distinguished gentleman—of military age—is busy on a temperance campaign in the provinces. Couldn't he be doing better work in the lunatic hospitals and dressing stations?

Complimenting the Enemy.

What on earth did Sir Something Wenches—the new First Sea Lord—mean by telling a gathering of seamen that German sailors are "brave and gallant fellows"? They have proved themselves an everlasting disgrace to the fair annals of the ocean.

Balderdash.

And wasn't it more balderdash to go on to say that, brave and gallant as they are, they had resorted to barbarous and savage methods? When a man in the boxing ring deliberately hits his opponent below the belt, kicks him in the stomach and is otherwise guilty of foul fighting, it is not customary for the Referee to call him out and proclaim him to the on-lookers as "a brave and gallant fellow."

"The Soldiers' Friend."

So thoroughly has this journal become identified with the interests of the fighting men, that when, in a recent speech, Sir Edward Carson pointedly referred to "a newspaper calling itself 'the soldiers' friend,'" people jumped at the conclusion that he was speaking of us. But it was the *Daily Mail* which had aroused his wrath, and which aspires to fill our rôle.

Sweet Sylvia.

We do not know the identity of the lady who writes the woman's page in the *Derby Daily Express*, but she evidently understands her work. Speaking of our recent article "Fire, Flame and Fury," she describes it as "a triumph of journalism in the best and loftiest sense," and says all kinds of other sweet things. We raise our hat, and likewise bows.

A Word for the Poles.

When the war is over we must not forget the Poles. They are no friends of either Trotsky or Germany. Indeed, it was a brigade of Poles which guarded the Legations at Petrograd and saved the lives of the Ambassadors—whilst they have also saved thousands of Russians from murder. *Noch nicht ist Polen yetz forlorren!*

Those "Standard" Ships.

Once more is our slogan—"If you see it,—" etc., justified. The "standard" ship is doomed; and we hope that at the conference between the shipbuilding representatives—of both masters and men—and the Government, the blame for the present deadlock will be placed on the right shoulders. Those shoulders will not be found on the Clyde.

Fun with Officials.

From the Press Bureau: March 5th, 1918;—"Having regard to the increasing food-shortage and the introduction of compulsory rationing, the Food Controller has decided that it is inexpedient to continue the propaganda for voluntary rationing." What a brain wave!

Tobacco Mis-control.

How much longer is the Tobacco Control Board going to let the big wholesale tobacco combinations stuff their pockets with fat dividends at the expense of the small retailers to whom they begrudge even a living? Some of them have even had to close their shops. We advise the small retailers to go to the Tobacco Control and kick up a thundering row.

Bournemouth and Ourselves.

The Mayor of Bournemouth is very angry with us because, having already inserted a paragraph to the effect that there was no ground for the suggestion that the local ladies objected to the presence of wounded soldiers, we haven't said so again. But Bournemouth can't have more than its fair amount of space; that is why, so far, we have said nothing about that rare orgy the other week at the Municipal College.

What Does it Mean?

We are reminded that the new First Lord of the Admiralty is not the only one who has credited German sailors with being "brave and gallant fellows." The old First Lord said almost exactly the same not long ago in a speech at Kew, when he spoke of the murderous members of the Kaiser's navy as "very gallant fellows." We are all for chivalry in our naval chiefs, but when Lord Jellicoe of Scapa talks that sort of stuff it makes the judicious grieve and the ordinary man swear.

Cuthberts in Clover.

There are cosy corners for Cuthberts at the Petrol Control Offices in Berkeley Street. Every Civil Servant there, barring only the boss, is an A1 eligible. One member of the crowd did have the pluck to join up, and the rest of the staff, staggered but proud, gave him a handsome testimonial for going. And then, to spoil the picture, he was released from service as indispensable, at the request of the Manager. Even Conchies find shelter with the Petrol Control, some getting £300 a year. There's room for a rake.

Fisher's Mem.

Mr. Bonar Law doesn't much mend matters by declaring that Lord Fisher's Memorandum on the Germhun submarine menace was submitted, not to the Board of Admiralty or the Imperial Defence Committee, but to the Prime Minister and the First Lord of the Admiralty. Merely as a matter of historical curiosity—that's all it amounts to now—will Mr. Bonar Law indicate the ultimate destination of said Memorandum? Did it by any chance serve to light somebody's pipe or wrap up somebody's fried fish and chips?

The Prudes' Prowl.

"Can the so-called ladies of a Vigilance Committee find no better work," asks a Chatham sailorman, "than to question sailors and their girls when one ventures into the Broad Walk of one of London's prominent parks with his arm round his girl's waist? Is it that, sailors and soldiers are not to be trusted with girls, only civilians?" That's the idea, we believe. In the opinion of prudes on the prow, the wickedness of Jack and Tommy ashore is an abomination in the land.

Two Ounces of Bread.

Ladies belonging to the V.A.D., who minister to wounded men when they visit club or open canteen, are dreadfully upset about the further reduction in the quantity of food they are permitted to supply. It hurts them to offer a man, struggling in on crutches, no more than two ounces of bread or plain cake—scarcely strengthening or nourishing diet for a convalescent. What hurts most of all is the knowledge that German prisoners are far better fed.

"Passengers' Luggage."

A poor old woman, of 68, who "travels" for a living, collected some rabbit skins from door to door—hard work and heart-breaking. Home-ward bound by rail to Cheltenham, she was at that station pounced on by a smart young official, and made to pay 6d. for her small bundle. Not a big sum, good masters, but there were piles of passengers' luggage going free, and that seized sixpence would have bought a breakfast for the old husband, ill in bed. It is a sad pity some men do not know when to wink.

The Lucky Officers.

We have published instances of car-owners punished for using petrol for pleasure, while the guilty fares have gone scot-free. Quite a shining example comes from Carrickfergus. A man named M'Allister was ordered by some officers to drive them to Belfast, where they attended a ball. He was fined for breaking the Petrol Order. "Where are the officers?" asked the Magistrate; "are they not summoned also?" The Inspector: "I was directed not to proceed against them." The tempted suffers; the tempters escape.

"Reprisals."

JOHN BULL readers have often suggested in our columns that Germhun officer-prisoners should be placed on all British ships. As the infernal U-boats seem to draw no distinction between hospital ships and any other, despite that Spanish officers are aboard to guarantee that the vessels are engaged solely in a work of humanity, the time has come for the Government to announce that every British hospital ship will in future carry aboard a number of Germhun officers, who will be left to their fate when and while the lives of British wounded and Red Cross workers are imperilled.

The Bishop Bans.

In the view of the Bishop of Exeter, excited over the proposed reform in shocking bad divorce laws, men would take their wives like houses—some for many years, some for few—if divorce were made easier. "The Church must establish her own discipline," he proclaims, "and those who break her laws must be excluded from her worship." As the Church too often is now, many may think this would be no great loss; they could do their worship at home, and, besides, save the collection.

Frothing Over.

General Pershing says that Americans are optimists whose zeal sometimes surpasses their capacity. Sounds like the description of a Cabinet Minister!

When the Heart is . . .

Mr. Gulland indignantly denies that any of the Liberal Party Funds are, or have been, invested in Germany. Quite so! Germany was only the Party's "spiritual home." But that's the worst of secret Party Funds. It's so easy to have rumours about them—and so easy to deny the rumours.

Tax on Tiny Pensions.

"A Shameful Tax" was what we termed the income tax on a soldier's scanty pension. The matter has been brought before Mr. Hodge, and a letter from him says it has been considered by the Government, and "it has been decided that for the present no change can be made." But it *must* be made in the near future. If an ex-soldier earns over £120 annually, he will pay tax like other people, but his pension ought to be tax-free.

Dover Drifters.

Men who man the drifters are heartbroken over the loss of their mates' lives in the late affair off Dover. They think such calamities could be avoided if they were given a chance to put up a fight. "If we have to fight destroyers as well as U-boats, give us the necessary equipment, and we will face hell, but don't let us carry on helpless!" That is their cry, and it must not fall on deaf ears. The Channel is not so very wide; surely an escort could be always at hand?

Silly Sullivan.

The Military authorities asked for the use of two additional rooms in the offices of the District Committee at Hamilton, and the Lanark Committee, meeting in Glasgow, grotesquely resolved to refuse further accommodation. The Military will know how to deal with that absurd attitude, and "Dora" will assist. Perhaps notice may also be taken of a remark by a smug person named Sullivan: "If the Military are made too comfortable they will forget there is a war on." Sullivan needs a sharp hint not to forget *himself*.

Workers Not Wanted.

Government seems to spend much in advertising for what it does not want. Only a wee bit back, and there were expensive appeals for women workers; now the women are being discarded. Lately the advertisements have shouted for shipyard hands. One man, with fifteen years' experience, went to the Exchange as asked, and was told to apply later, as there are no vacancies yet. Two other workers have tried to enrol in London, Newcastle, Wallsend and elsewhere, but are still disengaged, because "work is very quiet!"

Rotten Rabbits.

Rhondra's missing rabbits are gradually coming out of their holes. For instance, here is the Chesterfield Health Committee dragging out of cold storage, and condemning as unfit for human food, 5,424 rabbits which the Army authorities refused to release for civil consumption some weeks before, though warned that they were "going wrong." By the time they got to the refuse destructor, they had evidently gone strong. How much food for the Army is thus held up to rot while the people get less and less to eat?

What?

Has the Food Controller and the gentleman who is the Board of Agriculture heard what a Mr. Kendrick said at the meeting of Dairy Farmers held at the Caxton Hall, "Thousands of cows are being slaughtered, many of them in calf"? That's what he said, and he is a witness for truth. What says Lord Rhondda?

A Nice Young Man.

Quite a pretty young man, with a shy face, looks at us from the columns of a Boston (Lincoln) newspaper. He is Mr. J. G. Bray, formerly solicitor's clerk, now Food Executive Officer for Boston district. Says the local paper, joyously, "He was 22 years of age in August last." Then why is he not in the Army? The answer, as given in the paper, is, "He holds exemption from military service." Why, please? Also, could not his post have been given to a man who has done service?

Worthy of Their Hire?

Until lately unskilled labourers at the Royal Aircraft Factory at Farnborough were taken on at a wage of 23s. without bonus, but with a promised increase of 2s. after six months. The time elapsed long, long ago, but the rise has not materialised. Yet fresh unskilled labour is now taken on at 25s. weekly, and the old hands are working side by side with new chums who get the bigger money. The situation calls for adjustment, for it is one of those silly things that cause unrest and may lead to quite unnecessary trouble.

Leicester and Pacifists.

That recent meeting at the Leicester Corn Exchange, when the dirty Pacifist gang were allowed to spit forth their foul venom, has excited a good deal of public indignation. What has the Secretary of the Exchange to say for himself; how dare he let the place to such spawn?—these are the questions that are being asked. Perhaps he will offer some reply. We promise to give it publicity.

Manoel's Manoeuvres.

Personally we have no quarrel with the ex-King of Portugal—not King Manoel, as some journalists still think it funny to call him. But we should like to know what he is doing going about the country in khaki with his breast ribbon-bedecked. The ex-ruler of Portugal, so far as we are concerned, is a private gentleman—a foreigner—who has sought the hospitality and protection of our shores. For the moment we leave it at that.

Prayer.

Who is the minister who at Broughty Ferry, as we gather from a correspondent in a Scottish paper, insulted God and man by using a local pulpit to pray "fervently and particularly for our enemies, the Germans, thanking God for all the good they have done in past years, and suggesting that the Almighty had sent this war upon us, the people of Britain, as a punishment for our sins"? Our reason for inquiring is that in his next sermon he may pray for the Devil, and we should like to arrange for a special report.

Angry Mormons.

The Mormons are very angry about the recent revelations printed in these columns and written by Miss Winifred Graham. It is significant that in their official journal they carefully omit all reference to us, and only abuse Miss Graham without answering her charges. Indeed, they say, "A reply on our part is not called for." The truth, you see, is unanswerable.

Still Waiting.

So far, we have heard nothing more of the gallant attempt of certain members of the Club to which Mr. W. J. MacCaw, M.P., belongs to dissociate themselves from the convicted food hoarder. Has their courage failed them, or is there one rule for an ordinary member and another for an M.P.? We don't expect Parliament to interfere. If it can stand a Handel Booth, it can tolerate a MacCaw.

Giving Him the Office.

They wanted a Secretary for the Pension Committee at Buxwell; the Urban District Council had the job of appointing him—we said job. There were discharged soldiers and sailors with claims that should have been paramount, but they were, once more, passed over. The berth went, by vote of the Council, to a gentleman who was recently a Councillor, as well as a member of the Tribunal, though we believe he has never served in the forces. Some day these hole-and-corner appointments will cease. The sooner, the safer.

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notabilities, and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill, M.P.

DEAR WINSTON,—Serry to trouble you again, but I am a little concerned at the extensive employment in British munition factories of able-bodied foreigners of military age. For instance, I am informed that at one establishment in the Midlands there are over 500 strong, healthy Belgians. As between Great Britain and her Allies, this question is perhaps a delicate one; but in view of the urgent necessity of rallying every available man to the Colours, I am afraid it can hardly be left where it is. What is the official view? JOHN BULL.

To Sir Charles Gibbs, Kt., Mayor of Lambeth.

DEAR SIR CHARLES,—I am not informed who is Chairman of the Food Control in Lambeth; therefore the best way is to address you in that matter of Henry James Hatcher, a local Food Control Inspector. Here is a man who, on his own confession, as an official prosecutor at the Old Bailey, admitted that he has been going about not only drinking with provision merchants, dairymen, and other tradesmen in the borough, but that he has accepted bribes or presents from them—from £1 to help him over "little financial difficulties," to a bottle of whisky for his stomach's sake. Now, my own opinion is that this man ought to be prosecuted. Has he been dismissed? The general public of Lambeth must be very anxious about that, and I should like to be assured that the imperative course has been taken. JOHN BULL.

To John Oxenham, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—I note that, after mature reflection, you shamelessly reiterate the pronouncement you recently made at the City Temple—viz.: "If we had won the war two years ago it would have been the worst thing that could have happened to us as a nation." You are either a callous fiend or a raving lunatic. Don't be surprised if those who have lost their dear ones during the last two years revive the old practice of tarring and feathering. JOHN BULL.

To Joseph Rowntree, Esq., York.

DEAR COCOA KING,—I notice that you have been using petrol in a manner contrary to the Regulation, with the result that the Bulmer Magistrates have been under the painful necessity of fining you £5 and costs. To put the matter colloquially, you had been doing a little bit of "joy-riding," your defence being that "as Chairman of the Directors of Messrs. Rowntree, Ltd.," you "needed a little fresh air as a stimulant to your health." That your health is a national asset of high value it may be impertinent to deny, but the Bulmer Magistrates took a stern and unyielding view of their duty, and, as I say, you were fined. The world is full of trouble. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. R. J. Frogbrook, Superintendent of Open Spaces, Leyton Urban District Council.

SIR,—Is a man engaged as carpenter and joiner at £2 9s., and principally busy on making tables and putting up fences, an indispensable? And is his work of national importance? I hear that you think so, and have prevented one of your men from leaving such a job, at what is now starvation wages, to take up a better situation for himself and his wife in the country, where his delicate little girl would have a chance to get well. It is jacks-in-office like you that put up the backs of patriotic men. JOHN BULL.

To Miss Christabel Pankhurst.

DEAR CHRISTABEL,—Whatever may have been thought of your pre-war activities, you have certainly "made good" since the struggle began, and I warmly congratulate you upon your plucky stand against the pacifist hooligans who tried to break up your recent meeting at Glasgow. When peace returns, your patriotic record will not be forgotten, and in the new political world of the future your undoubted talents should find abundant scope. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. William Gaunt, Chairman, Blind Aid Society, 233, Brixton Road, S.W.

SIR,—I retract not a syllable from what I have recently written in regard to the character of your Society; but I am anxious to hold you personally guiltless of any fraudulent designs upon the public. Perhaps, therefore, you will be good enough to state what relationship, if any, still subsists between the Blind Aid Society and the rascal William Blackburn, who has been twice convicted upon criminal charges, and how, if he is no longer connected with the Society, it comes about that he addresses its meetings? JOHN BULL.

To A. J. Brickwell, Esq., Chief Surveyor, G. N. Railway Co., London.

DEAR MR. BRICKWELL,—At the first moment of your appointment as Director of Cold Storage, let me tell you that if you are to make good in that job you will need hot feet. The general public are convinced, and I am disposed to the same mind, that a lot of food has got into cold storage which profiteering interests of one sort or another prevent from coming out. Get your nose well among the ice, sonny, and there's no telling what you will rout out. Shouldn't be surprised, for my part, for instance, if we heard even the one-and-ninepenny rabbits unfreeze. JOHN BULL.

To His Worship the Magistrate, South-West London Court.

DEAR MR. FRANCIS,—Law is one thing, human sympathy quite another. You doubtless did your duty when the other day you fined a one-legged soldier who had suffered for his country, the sum of 20s. for failure to display a price list in his tobacconist's shop. But the Federation of Discharged and Demobilised Soldiers, whose business is not law but kindness, were equally justified in proclaiming their intention to pay that fine. Why you should have been so savaged at that statement passes my comprehension. JOHN BULL.

THE UNWANTED CHILD.

WHY PENALISE ONLY THE MOTHER AND THE BABY?

By JOHN FLINT.

IN order to be moral it is not necessary to be cruel. But some good people regard the saying that "the sin of the father shall be visited on the children" as a command to act as the visitors of vengeance. Now that's all wrong—especially as even these good people have sins of their own, and it's only the sins of other people they want to have visited on other people's children. Nobody wants to punish a child because its parents were cruel or mean or unpatriotic; nobody wants to send a child to gaol because its father was a burglar or a profiteer or a fraudulent Government official. But some people seem to want to brand a child for ever, to handicap it physically and to spoil its chances in life, because it was not born in wedlock. Hedge as they like, that is what it comes to. They tell us they want to make it hard for illicit love—and so they make it hard for the mother. In practice that means that they make it hard for the child. Is that fair? Is it reasonable? To strike at the weakest and most innocent may be the easiest, but it is certainly the meanest way of fighting unlicensed love. Why do we always go for the illegitimate mother rather than for the illegitimate father? Well, for one reason, because her fault is plain to all the world, and the man's fault is hidden.

"THE WOMAN PAYS."

We seem to think that such a sin is much more terrible in a woman than in a man. We do not see that since, however we help her, the woman must suffer the more, the man who has taken advantage of her weakness is a very dirty scoundrel. No; we, too, take advantage of her weakness—of the weakness of her child. The heaviness of the penalty depends, of course, on the poverty of the mother. If she is poor, then her shame is all the greater. The burden of maintaining herself and child before and after birth is enormous. Upon her falls the task of bringing the father to book. If she catches him, he may be ordered to pay 5s. a week. Often enough he does not pay, and then, if she can, she will catch him again. All the while, she must be earning a living for herself and child. In any case, that absurd 5s.

a week will not pay even for the keep of a baby, much less for a growing boy or girl. And in any case, nothing comes to help the mother until after the child is born. All those terrible months of expectation, those months of agony and shame, the pregnant mother must fend for herself and her unborn child—must somehow earn more than ever she earned, must somehow get more food than ever she got—or the child will suffer. I do not ask, is that fair to the mother? I do ask, is it fair to the child? I do ask, is it fair to the country? Are we to cause children to be born with a physical handicap? Are we to burden the country with sapless citizens? It is as easy (if not easier) to decide paternity before as after the birth—for no Magistrate is so simple as to seek to find a likeness between the plastic face of a young baby and the ugly mug of the alleged father. Then why delay? Why not start the maintenance as soon as pregnancy is undoubted?

WHERE TO PLACE THE BURDEN.

I go further—why let off a man with this ridiculously trivial fine? Why not make him as fully responsible for this love-child as for any child born to him? The child has to be supported; why should the main charge fall upon the woman? If you are sincerely anxious to penalise irregular unions, here is your chance! Men will not engage so recklessly in love adventures with this fear ever before them. I know that some men say, "The woman beguiled me." Occasionally it may be true; generally it is a mean lie. Anyhow, if you make the penalty heavy enough they will not let themselves be beguiled. In any case, we shall secure the future of the child. Finally, why don't we catch up with Scotland and France, and allow a child to be legitimised by the subsequent marriage of its parents? Why do we make the lot of the young thing as hard as ever we can? Is it because we are bigots? Not a bit of it! Is it because we are cruel? I don't think that is the reason. It is just because we are lazy, and won't think. I presume we are all too spotless in our own lives to spare a little tenderness for the erring mother. But the war has altered much, and perhaps this may be another of the things to come into the melting-pot. At any rate, we may think it over.

A HERO IN CIVIL LIFE.

NIGGARDLY RECOMPENSE FOR DARING DEED.

One Sunday in January last, there was great and grave danger on the line of the Nottingham and Derbyshire Tramway Company, at Heanor. A car, without a driver, was rushing down hill through the town, enveloped in flames, along a single line, while another car was approaching it from the opposite direction on the same line. So the seventy passengers were menaced both by fire and collision. But a man, named Harry Parkin, happened to be passing along the road. He leapt at the car, was dragged many yards, but managed to pull himself up and on, and brought the car to a full-stop, without doubt saving all the persons thereon from death or injury, not to speak of the passengers on the other car into which it seemed doomed to crash.

Now, for saving those valuable lives and those two valuable cars, the Tramway Company has made Parkin a present of ten pounds, rather more than will cover the damage to his clothes. And we believe there has been absolutely no public acknowledgment of his fine act of daring. On the other hand, when Parkin, some short time previously, committed a trivial breach of the Bye-Laws, he was promptly prosecuted by the Company for that slight to its dignity, and his name figured quite prominently in the local press. It is not too late to make amends.

BASE HOSPITALS IN FRANCE.

OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER'S INSPECTION.

As already announced, we recently despatched a Special Commissioner to France for the purpose of investigating the charges of "soullessness" levelled by Mr. Smallwood, M.P., against the administration of our military base hospitals. No previous intimation was given to the hospital authorities, our representative arriving with an ordinary pass authorising him to visit wounded soldiers. In his report he states that there is not, and never has been, any regulation requiring visitors to leave the hospital at a specified hour, whilst the very fact that that Mr. Smallwood speaks of having waited some time "behind a screen" proves conclusively that he remained in the ward, the explanation being that he was requested to leave the bedside during a final and very delicate operation on his son. Our representative testifies most warmly to the humanity and tenderness of the matrons and nurses of the various hospitals, and also to the great consideration extended to travellers coming from and returning to England.

Mr. Smallwood's allegations came not only as a great shock to the staffs of the hospitals, but to hundreds of the inmates. We trust, therefore, we have heard the last of these attacks upon one branch of the war service which should be immune both from carping and careless criticism.

THE LANDLORD AND THE REET.

PROPOSED EVICTION OF A BLIND EX-SOLDIER.

It is by no means because we depreciate the services of the late General Maude, or grudge the grant of £25,000 voted by Parliament to his widow, that we contrast the acknowledgment of war service and sacrifice here with the case of Frederick William Spackman, of Clift Street, New North Road, Margate. We say contrast, because it is not in our mind to suggest a comparison. Nevertheless, the treatment of Spackman by the Pension authorities is too glaring, in the light of this award to the widow of a highly capable and gallant General, not to arouse disgust and criticism in the ranks of the private soldier. Spackman was running a little business when ordered to join the Army. The business is his no more. He has been gassed, is totally blinded in one eye, and partially blinded in the other. With a delicate wife and five children ranging from eight years to three years to support, he was discharged from the Army—pension 19s. 3d. a week to house, cloth and feed seven people. In these circumstances the wife got behind in her rent. The landlord went to the County Court for possession of his rooms. But for the fact that Judge Graham adjourned the case for three weeks "to see what the Pension authorities would do," Spackman and his wife and children would by this time be in the streets—or in the workhouse.

The question thus arises, what are the Pension authorities now going to do? Week by week, almost, we have shown in cases worse than this and as bad, that—for some reason or other—the Pension authorities are neither abreast with their work nor up to their duty. While they deliberate and delay only to haggle, these poor and often helpless victims of the Hun may want for shelter and for bread; yet their breadwinner has also done his duty as only a British soldier can. A few eulogiums on a successful General—dead, to our sorrow and our loss—and £25,000 passes to his dependents; can Parliament do nothing to speed up the grant of living pensions decently to compensate the sacrifices of those private soldiers without whom the most brilliant strategy in the field of war would collapse in failure and disaster?

SEA AND SUBMARINE.

ON, UNDER AND OVER THE WATER.

The sea and the submarines are the topics of every day and all day. The U-boat still takes its treacherous toll, and there are some who doubt if every means is used to frustrate their knavish tricks. Ships were lately sunk in the English Channel on clear, moonlight nights by submarines that might have been discerned from our aeroplanes or airships, had such been on patrol duty. A U-boat can be seen, from above, when fathoms deep, even by night, but they were not seen in time to warn those ships, because, we are informed, the air patrol was not on duty. A similar charge is made against Patrol boats in connection with the outrage upon the hospital ship, *Glenart Castle*. Shoals of craft are supposedly ready for patrolling, and, had they been on the spot, every missing boat-load might have been accounted for. It is a matter to which we have made previous reference, and we regret to have to repeat such heartrending suspicions of neglect. The activity of the U-boats is by many ascribed to that insistence by Germany on choosing Boston as the port of landing for exchanged prisoners, and to our own blind acquiescence. This traffic of hospital ships, laden with sick prisoners, leaves a clear passage between Rotterdam and Boston. It is idle to suppose the cunning Hun has not used this open sea road for the clear passage of his devil boats; the astonishing thing is that our Admiralty should so blandly and so blindly accept his conditions, manifestly conceived for his benefit and our undoing. That the depredations of the U-boats are causing much tribulation is plain, and a practical method of counteracting their effect seems still to seek.

A "CAPITAL" TIP TO THE TANKS.



Here's a tip to the travelling Tanks
Which we offer without any thanks :—
Unclaimed millions you'll find
That have been left behind
If you visit the various banks!

THE BATTLE OF BRIGHTON.

MAINED HEROES SHOW HOW FIELDS WERE WON.

We have received a startling account of recent happenings at the Brighton Pavilion Limbless Hospital, and candidly we do not at all like the look of things. There has lately been imported into the institution a new Commandant, who has made certain regulations to which the men strongly object—one in particular being that they must be in by 5.30 p.m., instead of 8.45 as of yore. Defying him by staying out till the usual time, the gates were locked against them, but a vigorous and united attack forced an entrance and compelled the retreat of the guard on the other side. Next day the patients received a stern lecture, but were obdurate, and demanded that the guard should be removed. Their demand not being complied with, sticks and crutches were freely used upon the "Red-caps" and R.A.M.C. orderlies, serious injury being sustained by some of the latter. The patients won, and, lining up at the gates, they first let all the poor fellows without legs, who were in wheel chairs, go out into the street, after which they followed themselves.

Two days later, at 10 a.m., a number of motor vehicles filled with men with their kit, crutches and other belongings, left the Pavilion amid resounding cheers from the other inmates. These were the ringleaders of the "mutiny" who were being sent away to another hospital. It is greatly to be regretted that these brave men—who have sacrificed limbs for their country—should be treated like school-children, and left to sit in a chair till bed-time; and we earnestly appeal for an official inquiry into the matter. Meanwhile, let the authorities import a little common sense into their regulations. Brighton may be the new Jerusalem, but it is not exactly a "crèche" for limbless men; and to insist that these gallant fellows should be denied the delights of the fine evenings by the sea is harsh and vexatious. The Daylight Saving Regulations, too, should operate to benefit, not to risk, the convalescent.

INEQUITABLE AGREEMENTS.

JUDGE CHARGES FRAUD AGAINST INSURANCE CO.

We have more than once congratulated His Honour Judge Mulligan, K.C., upon his straightforward and business-like handling of Workmen's Compensation cases, and we are glad to find that the learned Judge has not grown weary in well-doing. At the Fakenham County Court the other day, there was a case between a team-man and a farmer from which the Essex and Suffolk Equitable Insurance Company emerged with little credit. Through some trouble with a horse, the workman had sustained severe injuries, having both bones in his right leg broken. The employer, who was adjudged to pay 18s. 1d. a week compensation, had transferred his responsibilities to the Insurance Company; and the Company now came forward with a proposal to commute these weekly payments for a lump sum of £25. An "agreement" to this effect, which by some means or other the injured workman had been induced to sign, was produced to the County Court Registrar, who very properly reserved the matter for the decision of Judge Mulligan, by whom the proposal was received with scathing censure. "It is a shocking case," exclaimed His Honour, "I thought I had stamped out these iniquitous agreements, which workmen are induced to sign by Insurance Companies." Thus challenged, the Essex and Suffolk Equitable Insurance Company, whose action sorely belied their name, had not a word to say for themselves, their solicitor applying to withdraw the agreement, "as they felt it was one they could not ask to be recorded."

Such repentance was far too late in the day, and Judge Mulligan was not impressed. "It was simply shocking," he said. "The agreement would not be recorded and the employer must pay the costs. He was sorry he could not make anyone responsible for these frauds." The occasion was one for plain speaking, and once more we thank Judge Mulligan for his vigorous championship of the rights of injured workmen.

THE GREAT HORSE-CHESTNUT JOKE.

MUCH PROCLAMATION AND POOR PERFORMANCE.

We have been informed lately on all sides that horse-chestnuts are a very valuable munition-making material. If that is so, then the production of revues must be work of national importance. A great quantity of "nuts" was gathered last autumn "under orders," and is still lying in Government bags all over the country. The managers of schools and others were officially asked to encourage children to gather them. Along the line the signal ran that every ton of horse-chestnuts would mean the saving of half a ton of grain. So the children got busy, and even Vicars took a hand. Then the gatherers wrote asking what should be done with the crop. The immediate response, of course, was silence. After six weeks of waiting—why is it that, time after time, as our readers are aware, this unconscionable period elapses before officials of a Government Department take any definite step; why not five weeks or seven?—bags were sent, but no instructions for the despatch of the chestnuts. A month later another letter was sent requesting instructions. No answer!

A few miles from Yarnton, Oxford, about five tons of chestnuts await the pleasure of our busy bureaucrats. It is a funny world. We are expecting now to hear that some of the chestnut-gatherers have been prosecuted for hoarding chestnuts. From the intelligence displayed by the officials concerned, we should think the horse-chestnuts might serve as a feed-stuff at Whitehall.

PERIL AT PERIVALE.

WORK FOR WINSTON—A MUNITIONS SCANDAL.

For some time past we have had our eye upon the Perivale Explosives Works at West Ealing, Middlesex. Complaints from the workers, often of a serious nature, have, unfortunately, been rife—to some of these we have already given publicity. The Perivale Explosives Co., Ltd., was formed in December, 1915, there being two directors, one of whom is Mr. D. Gesteiner, a gentleman who, as a natural-born British subject—which from his position we presume him to be—is singularly unfortunate in his name. A good deal of the friction and discontent which has disturbed the efficiency of this important establishment hovers around an official who seems in some directions to have magnified his office to an alarming degree, and to have earned the hearty dislike of all sections of the staff, and especially of the women workers. Some of the complaints which have reached us in regard to the harsh behaviour of this individual have been such as to raise the most serious doubts as to his fitness for the responsible position he holds. We believe, too, that there have been certain irregularities in the Inspection Department, although we should be loth to lay the blame for these upon any single pair of shoulders.

An important section of the work undertaken at the Ealing establishment is the manufacture and filling of rifle grenades. As some of these missiles are calculated to travel 400 yards and to kill as many as 80 men, the importance of efficient testing, if disaster to our own troops is to be avoided, can hardly be exaggerated, and we are much concerned at the statements we have received as to the methods actually in force. We make no specific charges against any individual, but we do suggest that the methods of grenade inspection in vogue at the Perivale Works are open to the strongest objection. No fault attaches to the examiners, who are working under verbal instructions which, to say the least, afford nothing like an adequate safeguard against the passing of indifferent or defective grenades. The idea, apparently, is to keep the output at a high level, and this requirement has, we understand, been so forcibly impressed upon the examiners as considerably to hamper their discretion in regard to questionable work. The position at the Perivale Works is a matter of national importance, and, in the circumstances we have outlined, a clear duty lies with the Ministry of Munitions to institute a full inquiry.

AS I hinted last week, the Government have had under consideration the question of prosecuting this journal in respect of its recent articles "Shot At Dawn"—which have caused such deep interest throughout the country, and also at the Front. I treated the threat with some indifference—knowing full well that, whatever other blunders the authorities may commit, they are not likely to embark upon a step which would set the whole Army by the ears, quite apart from the fact that I think I know my rights as well as my responsibilities as a public journalist. Whether they have since thought better of the idea—or, as is more probable, have been advised not to make so false a move—I cannot say. But they are now apparently in saner mood, as will be gathered from the following correspondence:

War Office, Whitehall, S.W.1.

DEAR MR. BOTTOMLEY.—The two articles in JOHN BULL which recently appeared, entitled "Shot At Dawn," have attracted the attention of the Secretary of State, and he desires me to say that as the articles are based on misapprehensions of fact he takes the first opportunity of informing you that if you will make an appointment with the Director of Personal Services at the War Office, that officer will be prepared to show you all the true facts of the case.

I might add that your articles are full of inaccuracies, which I feel sure you would desire to have corrected, and I also feel sure that when you criticise you would prefer to criticise upon the facts as established rather than upon suppositions which have doubtless been conveyed to you by persons who have trusted to their memory.—Yours faithfully,

R. W. BRADE.

SIR REGINALD BRADE, War Office, Whitehall, S.W.1.

DEAR SIR REGINALD,—I am much obliged for your letter of the 1st inst., and greatly appreciate the courtesy of your offer to allow me an opportunity of making myself further acquainted with the facts of the painful case dealt with in our recent articles, "Shot At Dawn." I assure you, however, that before publishing these articles, every possible step was taken by us to ascertain the real facts; and I need scarcely say that if in any material respect we have been misled we shall be only too happy to do whatever is right. I am bound, however, to add that I shall want a lot of convincing that we have gone farther than the circumstances of the case justify.

If convenient to you, I will call upon the Director of Personal Services on Friday afternoon next, at 3.30, and perhaps you would allow me to bring with me my Assistant Editor, Mr. Charles Palmer, who has given very special attention to this matter.—Yours faithfully,

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

And, accordingly, to the Director of Personal Services at the War Office we duly repaired, remaining there for upwards of two hours—listening to a most amazing series of official explanations and "corrections" and expositions of military and civil law—with which I shall deal in a moment. Let me say at once, however, that the interview has left me more convinced than ever of the justice of our charges against the present system, under which boy officers are sometimes done to death without any fair chance of defence—whilst, even in such cases, there is at present no appeal of any kind. Indeed, from beginning to end of his trial, the nerve-shaken young officer, under arrest, is in a worse position than the burglar at Bow Street and the Old Bailey. So far from withdrawing my allegations, or offering any apology for them, I decline to modify them in any substantial particular.

The Case and the Reply.

Let me restate the charges I have brought, not so much against the administration as against the system of Courts-martial in general, and as applied to this young officer in particular. When a soldier is placed under arrest, he is denied the right of any legal assistance during the preliminary investigation, being permitted simply to attend in person and question the witnesses. Imagine a young private or a boy officer, whose very offence may be due to nerve shock, appearing, in person, before his superior officers in the rôle of cross-examiner! Why, even a man charged with murder is in a better position. Well, what was the official answer to this charge? Absolutely none. "It is the law, as laid down in the Manual of Military Law." As the old gravedigger in "Hamlet" put it—"it is crowner's quest law"; and that settles it. Then as to the second charge. It is that when the preliminary Inquiry is finished and the accused is arraigned for trial by Court-martial, no adequate opportunity is given for the preparation of his defence—even when, as in the case of this young officer, the charge is one involving the death sentence. I will assume that the boy was duly furnished with the copy of the Charge Sheet and Summary of Evidence—but what he did with

them there is no means of ascertaining. All we do know is that the officer who was ordered, literally at the eleventh hour, to defend him, applied for the Summary so soon as he knew that he had to act as "Prisoner's Friend," and that he did not receive it until half-an-hour before the trial. This, I repeat, was a scandalous proceeding. Even if he had received the evidence twenty-four hours before the Court sat, that in my view would have been a wholly inadequate time in which to prepare the defence. There was no opportunity of obtaining evidence as to the character of the witnesses who were to testify against this lad, and in this particular case that matter was of importance, for, as I have already shown, the unhappy youth declared that all the trouble arose at the instance of his "one and only enemy"—as to whom there were circumstances which were never, I believe, brought to the knowledge of the Court. But, when I put this point to the Director of Personal Services, I again receive the answer: "It is the law." The official mind is apparently quite incapable of realising the situation in which a boy, suddenly confronted with the ordeal of trial for his life—overwrought and unstrung and without any previous conference with or help from any legal adviser—is suddenly called upon personally to instruct his own counsel—or, rather, the counsel who, a complete stranger and conceivably quite ignorant of military law, is put up to defend him as best he can. So overwrought was this poor boy that, as we have seen, he never gave his papers to his Counsel, who was left to find out the actual facts for himself; and who, even had he in view of these circumstances asked for a postponement of the trial, could not, according to these precious Regulations, have secured an interval of grace of more than a few hours!

Another Rex v. Bottomley?

So far, I think it will be conceded that nothing very terrible in the shape of "misapprehensions of fact" or "inaccuracies" had been revealed at this War Office interview. And up to this point, at any rate, I felt quite safe from arrest, under any section of the all-accommodating D.O.R.A. But it was with feelings of some trepidation that I approached the presentation of "all the true facts of the case," so kindly promised by Sir Reginald Brade. Here, thought I, will come the case for the Crown in another *Rex v. Bottomley*. For I had not failed to notice that the dossier of the full proceedings of the Court Martial was lying in front of me on the table. On the top of the bundle was the Charge Sheet, and that was the first document to be quoted against me. With an air of great authority, I was assured that I had most inaccurately stated the charge against the officer, as being that of desertion in the face of the enemy—"in that he failed to join his battalion in the line when ordered to do so." That was quite wrong, I was told. The real charge was that "when it was his duty to join his battalion, which was engaged in operations against the enemy, he did not do so." Now, I am supposed to be a bit of a lawyer, but for the life of me I couldn't appreciate the distinction. But wait a moment. One of the offences was under Section 9 (1), and the other under Section 12 of the Army Act. "Ah," said I, "I see; he didn't fail to join his battalion in the line when ordered to do so, but when it was his duty to do so." "That's it," came the triumphant reply, "you have confused Section 9 (1) with Section 12." Oh, the official mind! "May I ask," I said, "whether the penalty may be death in each case?" "Oh, yes," said the great man—"but Section 9 (1) and Section 12!" Let me say at once that the Director of Personal Services is a distinguished soldier, and the essence of what is implied in the phrase "an officer and a gentleman." But, all the same, as he hugged that sacred manual, with his aristocratic fingers still pointing to Sections 9 (1) and 12, I wondered whether, when in the field (where he has had a brilliant career) he regulated his tactics by the same rule of thumb—or, shall I say, of finger? Again and again I was assured that to the soldier the distinction between the two offences

LET THEM PR

Another Rex v. Bottomley?—The Case for

By 7111

PROSECUTE ME!

The War Office—I Adhere to My Charges.

EDITOR.

was fundamental—and that was the first of “the true facts of the case”! I did my best to appear impressed—eager to get to the evidence on which the boy was shot.

A Sacrosanct Record.

And what do you think happened? “No,” said the Director, “nobody is allowed to see that. In fact, it is because the Record of Proceedings is absolutely private, and could not be produced even in Court, that the proposed prosecution of you had to be abandoned.” I confess I was staggered. “Private,” said I; “isn’t every Court-martial open to the public? Couldn’t I have been present if the Court-martial had occurred when I was in France, and taken a full note of the proceedings; couldn’t they have been reported in the Press?” “Yes, that is so,” replied the Oracle; “but Section 124, you know!” “And what the dickens has Section 124 to do with it?” I enquired. “Listen, and you shall hear it,” came the answer. “That Section provides that *the accused* may be furnished with a copy of the evidence.” “And he is dead,” I said, recalling the sapient comment of the Macpherson in the House of Commons a few weeks ago, when he made that fact an excuse for withholding a copy of the proceedings from an enquiring Member. “Quite so,” again. “But how on earth does the fact that an accused person is entitled to a copy of a certain document—relating to a public trial—make it illegal to supply a copy to anybody else, on payment for such copy; and where do you get your law that even in a criminal prosecution such record could not be produced?” And I was assured that the Law Officers were responsible for that view! The dossier was solemnly moved out of my reach—and we have to look elsewhere for “the true facts of the case.” I had said that the young officer had no fair chance of instructing his counsel. But here was a letter from the Prosecutor, saying that the boy and his counsel were in conference from 11 to 3 on the day before the Court-martial. Surely that was conclusive. “Suppose I have irrefutable evidence to the effect that he never saw the boy till the night before the trial; and even then was unable to get the Summary of Evidence till the following morning?” The Director appeared a bit non-plussed—simply remarking, “Well, of course, *we* can’t say.” You see, I was still waiting for “the true facts”—and for the proposed counts of the Indictment against *me*! I was by this time becoming a little weary of all this verbal quibbling, and was glad to get to something more substantial.

Recommended to Mercy.

In my first article I had laid emphasis on the point that, although found guilty and sentenced to death, there was a strong recommendation to mercy, and I had asked: “What became of that recommendation?”—adding, “that needs answering.” Now let me remind you that the members of a Court-martial are both judges and jury, and that as such they had made this strong recommendation to mercy—despite which, in the end, the poor lad was shot. Well, what do you think was the official reply? The recommendation was submitted in turn to officer after officer, in ascending superiority, *not one of whom had been a member of the Court*; yet each of whom was asked to give his opinion as to whether the sentence should be carried out. Some said one thing and some said another—with the result that, in the end, the sentence was confirmed by the Commander-in-Chief—and you know the rest. And *that* was considered a triumphant answer to my question! Five officers, who heard the case and saw the witnesses, unanimous for mercy—and who shied at the responsibility for an unconditional sentence of death—thrust aside by the cold, official “review” of that Record of Proceedings which cannot be produced, even in a Court of Law! And so I leave all these official explanations—all these threats of prosecution—under “Dora.” None of them has any terror for me. If the authorities think that I have exceeded my functions, let them test public opinion

by taking me to the Courts. By the provisions of the Act, I should be deprived of the right of trial by jury—Summary Jurisdiction, with an appeal to a Court of Judges only, being the procedure. But there is the jury of the British public, and of the British Army—and of their verdict I have no doubt. And that brings me back to what, after all, is the main point in my case. I claim the right, in *all* cases of Courts-martial, of an appeal from the death sentence. I would have no exception to that rule. The soldier must not be in a worse position than the civilian. The deterrent effect of the death sentence is secured by its formal promulgation throughout the ranks of the Army; there is no need for haste in carrying it out. What is the reply of the Government to that demand? Here is the callous, cruel answer, given in the House of Commons by Mr. Macpherson, to a suggestion by Mr. Morrell, M.P.—to whom all honour!—that the King’s Regulations affecting trial by Court-martial should be so amended “as to provide for a right of appeal in special cases”: “The proposal contained in the question could not be effected by Regulation, but only by legislation. *It is not proposed to introduce legislation for this purpose.*” Why not? Would there be any opposition to such legislation? The thing could be done by a one-clause Bill, which could be passed through all its stages, in both Houses, in a day. If it were a matter of curtailing the liberties of the people, or making a grant to a Prince, or an indemnity to a Minister, it would be done in the twinkling of an eye. But this is only the life of a boy—with a line of patriotic ancestors of whom the proudest in the land might well boast. Poor lad—God rest his soul! And from to-day let no young fellow holding the King’s Commission fear that he is at the mercy of cold, bloodless, unromantic officialism. In no spirit of brag, but with a deep and sincere sense of sacred duty—prompted by an everlasting gratitude for all these boys have done to save us from a foul fate at the hands of a savage foe—I declare that from henceforward, to the end of the tragedy of this war, JOHN BULL shall be the Tribune of the soldier, whatever his rank. To Hell with Manuals and Regulations!

Let Them Prosecute!

What does it all come to? My plea for full justice and common humanity stands. I declare it to be scandalous—yes, an infamy—that young and ardent souls, who leaped to the Colours at the call of country, should be subjected to the awful ignominy of the death sentence without a trial in complete conformity with British rules of justice, and without that right which our Civil law now offers to the foulest criminal, of an appeal to a higher Court. And, what is more, I declare it to be a travesty of that humanity which is the basis of British justice that an accused man should be sentenced in his absence, and that he should be wholly ignorant of the awful fate hanging over his head until within twelve hours—or less—of that ordeal by fire in the cold grey dawn. Let me say here that if for the moment nothing else is gained by my revelations under that title “Shot At Dawn,” this at least is possible—that the unwittingly callous rule which hides the truth from the accused may be abrogated in favour of a plan by which the sentence is promulgated before the Court-martial closes. It is true that the decision of the Court does not reach finality until it is confirmed by the Commander-in-Chief. But it is surely more merciful that the unhappy man should know the verdict and not be kept in ignorance of his fate until the eve of the dawn which is to fling his soul into the Great Unknown. Never let it be forgotten that we are to-day dealing, not with seasoned soldiers—not with a military caste standing apart from the civilian population, but with a citizen army composed of the best that our cities, our towns, and our countryside can offer on the great altar of war, and for the safety and sanctity of our homes. If ever there was a time when the true dictates of humanity and the full founts of justice should be recognised, it is to-day. I am no advocate for the abolition of capital punishment—it is the ultimate sanction of military discipline. But I warn the Government that the growing public feeling against the infliction of the death penalty can only be satisfied by the assurance that no bloodless red-tape, no soulless officialdom, no musty Manuals or rigid Regulations are allowed to prevail in the field. Well, as I have already said, I have nothing to recant; and if the authorities like to prosecute me, let them do so—for I am convinced that by such means I should the more speedily win my fight for justice and for mercy for the lads at the front—the lads who bleed and die for us all.

A PENSION PUZZLE.

OLD SOLDIER'S SCURVY REWARD.

An old soldier wishes us to ask the following question of the Pensions Minister, Mr. John Hodge, M.P.: Is it a fact that a former Sergeant in the Royal Field Artillery, who re-enlisted for the duration of the war, but was subsequently invalided from the service, has been rewarded by having his life pension taken away from him, and a temporary pension at a lower rate substituted? While we are waiting for an official reply, we may perhaps be permitted to state what we know of the case. It was eleven years ago that the Sergeant was discharged from the R.F.A., medically unfit for further service, being awarded a pension of 1s. 6d. per day. However, in March, 1915, the man was re-enlisted "for Home service only," and set to work as an instructor of recruits. It was towards the end of last year that the Sergeant's second breakdown occurred, and on October 11th, 1917, he was finally discharged from the Army. The good fellow's pension history is a little complicated—enmeshed, indeed, in a tangle of red-tape—but it is clear that he has suffered substantial injustice. The first step was the withdrawal of his original pension after re-examination by a Medical Board, and the substitution of a life pension of 7s. 6d. per week. Of this the Sergeant does not complain, but his grievance is that in October last this permanent pension was withdrawn, and—as a reward, as he puts it, for his special war service—he was compelled to accept a temporary allowance of 6s. 6d. weekly for one year. We have carefully examined the man's papers in the hope of obtaining some clue to the mystery, but at present we are quite in the dark. Your answer, please, Mr. Hodge.

A COMPLETE GIVE-AWAY.

AMAZING IGNORANCE OF A FOOD OFFICER.

Why is it restaurant-keepers charge so much for a meal? Well, sometimes it is because they are profiteers. But often it is because of the blatant foolishness of officials. Here is a case: A Woolwich caterer did not realise quite what would be the effect of the meat rationing. Possibly he ought to have realised, but that's another question. Anyhow, on the first Monday of the rationing he prepared 150 dinners, and seven coupon-bearers came to dine. On the Tuesday he prepared 50 dinners, and 40 coupon-bearers came. On the next day he wrote to the Town Clerk of Woolwich asking what he was to do with all the meat left over. The reply he got ought to be framed. It was suggested that he should give away the meat he did not require to some needy persons, and in future regulate his supplies more carefully. We suppose that this was meant as a joke, but it was a cynical and a cruel joke, likely to land the caterer and a lot of other innocent people into legal difficulties—for it is an offence punishable by fine or imprisonment to give away or consume meat in this manner. On the other hand, should the tradesman retain it until it goes bad, he is in dire peril of being haled before the Magistrate on a charge of wasting. The only way out of the difficulty—as Mr. Bryceson, the Executive Officer of the Woolwich Food Control Committee should have told his enquirer—is to obtain permission—which he has power to grant—to sell the surplus without coupons. Mr. Bryceson should be possessed of much greater knowledge on these points than a member of the public, who has to rely on the newspapers for his information.

DOREEN AND "DORA."

A "FAIR" FRAUD WHO IS ASKING FOR TROUBLE.

Doreen Mather—whom we criticised some few months ago—is at it again. In a recent circular, after asserting that she has proved to us her bonafides—an impudent claim quite contrary to the fact—she endeavours to bamboozle people into sending her money for "Bullet" solutions, uttering this colossal lie in regard to our £1,000 competition: "I now have reason to believe I know the actual example which must be used in capturing the first prize." This gross allegation against the honesty of our staff is so obviously and absolutely baseless—for one thing, every example stands an equal opportunity of securing £1,000 or any smaller prize—that any who are led by foolish cupidity into sending "Doreen" half-a-crown in the hope of obtaining an unfair advantage over their fellow competitors deserve to lose their money—as they assuredly will. We observe that "Doreen" now writes from 40, Rye Hill Park, Peckham, S.E., which she describes as her private residence. We fear, unless she speedily alters her methods, she will soon have another change of address, as the law takes a serious view of the conduct of people who obtain money by making false representations—whilst she is also in peril under that comprehensive piece of war legislation popularly known as "Dora," which specifically lays down that no advertising circular shall be made, printed, issued, despatched or exhibited by the promoters or persons interested in any competition or test of skill. On the ground only of having sent out the mendacious sheet we have described, "Doreen" is clearly liable to a heavy fine or imprisonment, or both. Doreen may, therefore—to her sorrow—soon be called upon to make the acquaintance of "Dora."

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

THE AGRICULTURAL EXPERT.

OFFICIAL-LOOKING PERSONAGE (entering compartment at country junction, bound for adjacent market town): Good morning, gentlemen. This is right for Clayfold, is it not?

1ST FARMER: Us'll know time we git there, mister. Meantime, we live in 'ope, eh, John?

2ND FARMER: There ain't much else for a farmer to live on nowadays, 'Arry, to my way o' thinking.

CHORUS OF FARMERS: So. . . . That's a fact. . . . True enough.

O.-L.P.: Come, come, gentlemen. Things are not quite so bad as that, I'm sure. If they are, it's time you had a little sound advice from the right quarter. May I venture to suggest that you would find the meeting at Clayfold Market Hall, organised by the Ministry of Food for this afternoon, enlightening? Perhaps that is where some of you are bound for?

1ST FARMER: I dessey some of us might drop in, after market. Eh, John?

2ND FARMER: Oh, aye; like as not.

O.-L.P.: Then I may have the pleasure of meeting you there. It may interest you to know that I am the speaker sent down from the Ministry of Food to give expert advice on the policy of the Government with respect to agriculture.

3RD FARMER: Then, without being rude, you're a longer-headed man than you look, sir—if you'll excuse me saying so. How's your own land looking, sir?

O.-L.P.: My—er—own—land? I—er—don't quite understand you; unless, of course, you mean my garden, which is coming along very nicely this Spring. The crocuses are rather more forward than—

1ST FARMER: Crocusses! We farmers are more concerned about the cuss'd crows than crow cusses, mister. Are you doing much in the way of stock?

O.-L.P.: Well, it is rather early, but I think I can venture to say I shall have a nice show

of double white as well as the night-scented variety.

2ND FARMER: My friend 'ere is speaking about the sort of stock what walks about on four legs, and 'as about the same smell night or day, mister. Beasts! That's what we've got in mind, not nosegay flowers.

1ST FARMER: And cows, John, and cows.

2ND FARMER: They was in me mind, 'Arry, although I didn't mention 'em. 'Ow are you getting over the feed question yourself, mister? Can you manage to keep your cows up to the average yield?

O.-L.P.: I—er—don't go in for cows at present. But I have a goat—a most intelligent, I might almost say a most affectionate, animal—which is producing quite a useful quantity of milk for my small family. It seems quite contented with the kitchen waste and what it picks up on the common.

1ST FARMER: Well, sir, I'm sure we shall be most interested in your speech. You can reckon on me being there. We don't get much in the way of amusements these parts.

3RD FARMER: What is it, may I ask, you're coming down specially to talk to us farmers about, mister?

O.-L.P.: Well, mainly, to impress upon you the importance of producing more food.

3RD FARMER: Are you going to tell us how to produce more food under present conditions and at present prices?

1ST FARMER: Are you a practical farmer, yourself, mister?

2ND FARMER: Do you know why a pig turns his tail to the wind, mister?

O.-L.P.: You misunderstand me. I do not come to you as a practical farmer, but as a Government Agricultural Expert. This, I believe, is Clayfold. Au revoir, gentlemen. We shall meet again at the Market Hall, I've no doubt.

2ND FARMER: You can bet your life on that, mister. 'Arry, we look like 'aving a bit of fun this afternoon.

PRINTER'S PIE.

Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie."

"GLASGOW CITIZEN" (advertisement):—"Wanted, GENT'S HAND FOR WEEK-END."

"PRIMER MAGAZINE":—"He was undoubtedly inside. . . . He must be . . . made to fling back the little shutter and SAY whether he was ALIVE or NOT."

"NOVEL MAGAZINE":—"Her reticent nose wrinkled into a SMILE."

"HALIFAX EVENING COURIER" (advertisement):—"About 12 ft. of RETRACING Required."

"NORTHERN CONSTITUTION (Colony)":—"After two years' vice as a chaplain with the troops in France, he has retired to resume his ministerial work."

"DUMFRIES EXPRESS":—"Her rendering of the well known song, 'Till the sands of the desert grow cold,' was a treat."

"UNION JACK LIBRARY":—"They would think twice before KILLING A MAN who might RETURN any day."

"FARMER'S WEEKLY" (South Africa):—"She was married . . . in 1887, but prior to this she and Miss ——— started what is believed to have been THE FIRST INFANT BORN IN THAT TOWN."

"MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE":—"In one building of four or five storeys, ONLY the TOP STOREY IS LEFT STANDING."

"CAMBRIAN JOURNAL":—"This was followed by a very eloquent and instructive address, chiefly on the USE AND ABUSE OF ALCOHOL BY THE VICAR OF ———."

"BEDFORDSHIRE INDEPENDENT":—"He was now allowed to KILL HALF A BULLOCK per week."

"GLASGOW EVENING TIMES":—"An official telegram from Berlin announces that peace between Germany and America was signed at five o'clock this evening. Retrograde advances are to the same effect."

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N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine Medium or Broad Nib.

Become a Good Pianist without Constant Practising.

My "From Brain to Keyboard" System, recommended and used personally by Sir Frederick Bridge, C.V.O., other prominent musicians, and hundreds of professional pianists and teachers, applies to all pianists and would be a boon to all. No apparatus or special notation.

The System enables:

THE BEGINNER to learn pleasantly in a fraction of the time usually spent on dreary practising.

THE AVERAGE PLAYER to improve very rapidly, with a small amount of practice and no drudgery.

THE GOOD PLAYER to keep up a high standard and improve without any keyboard practice at all.

268 readers of "John Bull" took this course during 1917.

0,000 Successful Pupils.

Send for Illustrated Book, "Light on Pianistic Playing."

This book explains my way of teaching by POSTAL LESSONS, and the fee I charge. Adapted to pianists of every grade. Apply for booklet to-day, but do not omit to state whether average or advanced player, or if a beginner, whether you can or cannot play a simple hymn tune. Send S.I. for part war-time cost and postage.

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The 'Allenbury's' DIET is the most successful nourishment for use in convalescence; this palatable and easily prepared milk and wheaten food supplies complete nutriment in a form that is assimilated by the delicate stomach without difficulty or distaste. Digestion is thus strengthened and lost vigour regained.

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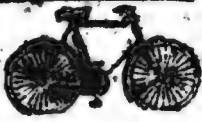


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BICYCLE CLEARANCE. Write for particulars of Premiers, Rovers, etc. from 10/- cash. (Maker's price £15-15/-). George King, 111, Coventry.



COMPANY MEETINGS.

DAY AND MARTIN.

Satisfactory Progress.

The nineteenth annual general meeting of Day and Martin, Ltd., was held on Friday, March 8th, at the Great Eastern Hotel. Mr. C. Hamilton Watkins (the Chairman) said he thought the company had entered on a more prosperous career, and there was very little for him to say in explanation of the accounts, which were satisfactory from every point of view. The only point to which he wished to call attention was that whereas last year the sundry creditors were over £8,000 and the debtors were only about £7,000, this year the creditors were reduced to £6,400 and the debtors were increased to £8,400.

Mr. Frederick G. Sage remarked that he thought the shareholders would now be satisfied that the business was on the right road, and he had very little doubt that the small debit balance appearing in the accounts would be out of the way by Easter; then they would have a clear field for the making of profits, and in due course, he hoped, the resumption of dividends. The report was adopted.

Sir Alfred J. Newton, Bart., presiding at the annual general meeting of Harrods Stores, Ltd., on the 6th inst., stated that the balance-sheet showed one of the strongest and most satisfactory financial positions it had been his pleasure to review for many years past. Sir Woodman Burbidge, Bart., the Managing Director, in the course of an interesting speech pointed out the difficulties, which a large national store like Harrods had to contend with during the war, but Harrods would, he felt sure, carry on to the satisfaction of their customers and shareholders.

DEAFNESS, CATARRH, EAR NOISES.

Quick & Easy Home Cures.



Send To-day for Sir Hiram Maxim's Book of Advice and learn the secret. IT IS FREE.

No need to continue suffering. Sir Hiram Maxim, the great inventor and scientist, has discovered a quick and simple home cure for all catarrhal troubles, and in order that sufferers should have a free opportunity of learning how to cure their own ailments without interfering with their occupation, he has published a most interesting little book called the "Home Doctor," which will be given free to all who apply for it. The hundreds already cured include sufferers from: CATARRH, DEAFNESS, HEAD NOISES, COLDS AND COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

A Doctor (M.D., London) going so far as to say that the immediate relief obtained was almost magical.

It will be found that after following the advice given in the book, the Catarrh, Cough, or Tightness is relieved, and the expectoration diminished.

The hearing improves, ear noises gradually stop, the stiffness in nose and the uncomfortable feeling in the throat and chest disappear, and give place to ease and comfort. Running at the nose is checked, and bouts of sneezing cease instantly. An ever-increasing improvement will be felt, and in most cases a complete cure will take place in a short time.

THIS GIFT BOOK

will be sent on receipt of name and address. Never mind how many previous treatments have failed, read the book and follow Sir Hiram's advice. You will be surprised and delighted at the result. Simply send your name and address to Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees, J. M. Richards & Sons, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

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ENGLISH Grown: Yorks, Express, Eclipse, Jewell, 112 lb. 20/6, 55 lb. 10/6, 28 lb. 7/6, 14 lb. 3/10, 7 lb. 1/6; **EPIPURES**, 112 lb. 10/6, 55 lb. 8/6, 28 lb. 4/6, 14 lb. 2/4, 7 lb. 1/3; **British Queen**, Queen Mary, Up-to-Date, King Edward VII., Dalbousie, Factor, 112 lb. 11/-. All Bags Free. Free on Rail Wiltshire. All Vegetable Seeds supplied. Send for Illustrated List.

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"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 25, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.

THE ANWARUDDIN CASE.—Our sincere thanks to the many readers who have sent their congratulations on the result of this case.

J. A. (Forest Row).—"I like you in many ways and shall continue to read your articles." That's the way you wind up a long letter of cheerful abuse! If it makes you "feel better," it does not hurt us.

H. S. (Newark).—"Certainly the Military Service Acts were 'passed in the House of Commons.' Did you think it was in Long Acre?"

"BULL-DOG" (Rugby).—Like you, we are suspicious of news that "emanates from Amsterdam." Apt to lie a bit low, eh?

A. M. (Homerton).—Thanks for message of sympathy, in which our old friends in South Hackney are ever to the fore.

W. B. (Melbourne).—"We shall soon be spending £10,000,000 a day." Then perhaps we shall start hanging the profiteers.

Mrs. M. N. (Kidford).—"Good old JOHN BULL." So say all of us!

"TAUNTON."—"Pitminster, near here, is infested with farmers' sons exempted from military service, usually out with shooting parties." They should join the shooting party in France.

J. F. (Harwich).—Words signed by Mr. Arthur Henderson, November, 1914:—"Every man who is eligible will ask his own conscience whether in this emergency it is not his duty to hold himself ready to enlist in the forces of the Crown." But he pipes a different note now. Why? Oh, that visit to Russia!

"NUNHEAD."—"There are plenty of men of military age working in munition factories who could go, and plenty of Silver Badge men out of work who could replace them." You put the position in a nutshell.

MISS A. A. (Vauxhall Bridge Road).—The registration forms in respect of our Free War Risk Insurance scheme were not destroyed in the recent "fire," so it is not necessary to lodge fresh ones.

"ONE OF THE SAME BREED" (Tilbury).—"The sailors presented a watch to the Chief Officer of the Minnetonka for his coolness when —" Yes, we know when. It will always be happy hours for him when he keeps his watch.

Mrs. H. (Seacombe).—Since our paragraph was written special orders have been made for more rations for expectant mothers. Go and see your Food Control Officer; he will arrange for you.

E. G. W. (Wendover).—"The Kaiser says, 'The dragon's head must now be crushed in the West.' He's right; and St. George will do it."

J. P. (S. Battery, France).—Haven't heard of "a station called Penny-comequick in London," but there are lots of automatic slot machines called Pennyquick.

W. B. (Tinsley), re A.S.F. and manpower, suggests the formation of a workers' committee in every works to give information to recruiting officers.

"A READER" (Somewhere in England).—"My job is that of a soldier." Carry on!

"CRITICAL" (London, W.).—How in the world did you come to get your brains into your feet? Try to induce them to return to the top.

E. W. (Westcliff-on-Sea).—The grocer who cut up bacon before your eyes, and then refused to sell it to you, should be reported to the R.S.P.C.A.

P. L. (Wilkesden Green).—There is no reason to suppose that the Jews are less courageous than any others. Such silly prejudice is out-of-date.

M. B. (Kirby Cross).—At the risk of making you conceited, we admit that your letter reveals a gleam of intelligence. Round these parts, friend Bunny is still reported missing.

M. M. (Cheshire).—"I look forward to Thursdays, I can tell you." Fond thanks, old thing; and as long as Heaven wills, we shall go on brightening up the middle of the week.

Sgt. L. AND A. B. M. (Limerick).—No. 1 of a scrappy leaflet, "The Soldier-Hunter," promises to print the names of girls who "hunt soldiers." Under that gentlemanly notion it attacks soldiers—but we don't think it will hurt them much.

"WORKMAN" (Middlesbrough).—"To stop submarines: Have a rope to reach from Norway to the Orkneys. On the rope have bombs on wires to reach the bottom of the sea." It's a deep thought.

J. B. (Folkestone).—A German-printed text card, "Abide in Him," given away at a Folkestone Sunday School! Why did you not return it—without compliments?

SAPPER F. O. (R.E.).—Yes, it was "a dirty mean trick" when the porter at Euston stuck to your money for a telegram. Other rogues have done the same, but we note you will "know the man again." We hope you will—and that then his own mother won't know him.

Mrs. H. K. (Holme).—"I wish I were a man and better able to express myself." Dear friend, you are the first lady to experience any such difficulty. Any woman can express herself all right when she tries.

T. E. (Royton).—Can't get back your job with Singers, being now wounded and discharged? If Singers sing true they won't think twice, but reinstate you right off. If they sing out of tune—what about some rival firm?

D. I. (Harringay) overheard the following: "Did you hear they dropped bombs in your local Park?" "At what time?" "About 11.30." "Then it's a lie; the Park shuts at 7.45." Next!

"WORRIED" (Surrey).—"Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you."

"NEMO" (Normanton).—Take Mark Twain's tip and "never argue again a success." Whenever he saw a snake with its head outen a hole he scooted, for he knew that the hole belonged to that snake.

S. J. (Castle Cary), a deserted wife says, "Men have the best of women's lives and don't want them after." She mustn't mistake cards for men.

"CANTEN STAFF" (Wimbledon Camp).—"I am asking for a space in your valuable paper regarding our rations." We could fill the whole paper regarding our own.

"SIRIUS" (Aster's Association).—As you suggest, a £3 tax on dogs would destroy the pets of the poor and save those of the rich.

"AN OLD READER" (Brixton).—Very unfortunate your losing your daughter's petticoat. Good job it's been a mild winter.

S. S. (Hampstead).—Funny about that butcher who didn't open his shop for a fortnight. Perhaps he overslept himself.

G. R. C. (Douglas).—"If not acceptable, put it in your wastepaper basket." Option exercised.

F. M. (Grimaby).—"There's lots of good fish in the sea." And lots of bad fish out of it.

W. E. C. (Gateshead).—Your device of explosive balloons to bring down Hun aircraft looks quite nice in a picture.

"DISCHARGED SOLDIER AND A COMRADE."—"Could you spare a small column in your well-known paper?" Only a column? Say which you would prefer.

"DINNEEN."—A Prudential policy in the name of Daniel Dinneen, Gas Collector, Portsmouth, has been found on the battlefield by a soldier of the Middlesex Regiment. Owner, please apply to us.

"KENNINGTON."—"The Ministry of Pensions pays Silver Badge men less than it pays flappers." Telegram to Mr. Hodge: "What about it?"

MRS. M. (Manchester).—A soldier's wife, you want our opinion because you have sent 7s. 11d. for a chain to the Premium Watch Co. Our opinion is that you have missed our many warnings against those pests, and that you have wasted good money.

"LATE LIEUT." (Sutton).—If you have written 54 letters to the Pensions Office without result, we should advise a personal call and a few polite words.

PTE. K. (Kilbrook).—"When did the lodger have his first vote? In what year?" In the year One. When the Serpent lodged in the Garden of Eden he exercised a casting vote, and turned out the Government of the day.

W. J. T. (Nottingham).—After 21 years as a competent lathe hand, we guess you are "skilled," though young managers think not.

J. N. (Northampton).—According to your postcard verses, when the Kaiser gets to Hades he'll have "brimstone and treacle for dinner and tea." Odds against the treacle, it's not to be had even in England!

"KHAKI" (Lower Edmonton).—"I cannot vouch for the absolute truth." No matter; there never was anybody who could.

"ANTI-BOLSHEVİK."—Of the Russians it may be said, with Isaiah, that they "have made a covenant with death, and with hell are they in agreement."

"SUO MARTE" (Colchester) went into a shop for a jar of marmalade, but—Jarring times, these.

W. H. R. (Redruth).—Submit the coin to a local antique dealer, and accept what he says—with a grain of salt.

"BUTCHERS" (Newport, Mon.).—Food Control Office charged you 3d. each for German red pencils to mark ration cards. Dear, dear!

R. G. P. (R.N.B.).—Don't worry over what Berta Ruck writes regarding "Shortage of Husbands." One at a time is enough for any woman, and Berta is out of the ruck of spinsters.

H. B. (Leeds).—A Welsh choir singing "Land of My Fathers" in Jerusalem? A compliment to King David, perhaps.

"ACROSTIC."—"What price peace by Christmas?" Only at the price of victory.

J. H. E. (Tottenham).—"Who is the highly placed man and wife that the Food Hoarding Amnesty was invented to protect?" Their name is legion.

"JASP" (Coniston).—You've lost your bet, anyway. The moon is 238,000 miles from St. Pancras, but it seems nearer on air-raid nights to us in London.

"ANONYMOUS."—"You call yourself British, but we are afraid you are a Hun. Of the enemy you say, 'None are perfect,' and they are the only three words in your letter with which we agree. And they are ungrammatical!"

S. H. D. (Falmouth).—"I enclose a few lines, which please print unless there is a charge for inserting." We would not insert them at any price, for, alas! they are not original. Naughty boy to try it on us.

J. J. S. (Hull).—Sorry they still sell German grease paints in Blackburn. You, as a Soldier-actor, will know there was nothing else on the market until recent years.

H.S. (Gt. Parndon).—"When I cut out the pen coupon I have to commit a sacrilege by cutting out part of your weekly 'Tit-Bit.'" As many people post copies abroad, we have moved the coupon as suggested.

T. B. (Leicester).—"Stop Kaiser Bill in his mad career, A world for peace you will then prepare." Beautiful truth, but rotten poetry.

C. A. H. (Toronto).—The sub-ed. of the Mail and Empire who put up the headline "Labour in favour of Prohibition," is off the beat. If labour is in favour of one thing more than another, it is more beer.

"ANXIOUS ONE" (Ealing).—"I find there are a great many stones in plum jam." At his own game, you would have knocked spots off Columbus—the other Discoverer.

"HOUSEWIFE" (Islington) paid 1s. for a cod's head "cut right across under the gills." She should have kept her shilling and taken her hook.

"AN OLD TOMMY" (Christchurch).—"If your boy has the spirit of his father, he will not be kept out of the Army."

C. R. (Stamford Hill).—Sorry we cannot reprint your private conversations. Jot them down on your shirt-cuff.

A. S. (Canterbury) suggests that "some dark and crafty serpent, probably a woman," is betraying us. When found, we'll put some salt on her tail.

"BELUA" (Leytonstone).—"Each individual as he sits reading these words over a glass of brandy and water"—Yes, but where are we to get the—er—water?

N. K. (Smethwick).—Yours may be a hard case, but most "small cookery shops" are doing very well.

"PUBLIC HOUSE" (Leyton).—Your allegation that your husband is "always in public houses" is undecided. Who drives him there?

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade advertisement appears in John Bull, and we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show us cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one month from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to John Bull, Advertisement Department, 90, Fleet Street, London, W.C.2.



An Everyday Necessity.

A PURE, superfatted soap containing a natural ointment most beneficial to the skin, Gibbs's Cold Cream Toilet Soap is a delightful luxury essential to everyone who values a skin kept soft and supple, free from chills and chaps. Insist upon Gibbs's Cold Cream Soap in the pink wrapper and you will get the best Soap in the world at the price.

Gibbs's COLD CREAM Toilet Soap

OF ALL CHEMISTS
Price 6d. per Tablet.

GENEROUS TRIAL SAMPLES of Shaving Soap, Dentrifrice and Cold Cream Soap sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps.

D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd. (Dept. 13)
Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.1
Established 1712

RHEUMATIC GOUT.

THE SECRET OF A SIMPLE CURE.

Are you a walking barometer—have you pains that shift from joint to joint at every change of the weather—are you subject to occasional recurring catching pains—if so you are suffering from an excess of Uric Acid, and should cure the trouble at once. You can easily do it yourself at home.

FREE HOME TRIAL PACKAGE.

Surely you have heard of the wonderful specific that does this. It is called Curicoles, a valuable scientific discovery. Write to-day for a free home trial package and a copy of the book, "The Story of a Rheumatic Cure." It tells you the secret of this remarkable discovery, which has already been the means of curing thousands of cases of

RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, SCIATICA, GOUT, LUMBAGO.

It is the only preparation as far as we know which has proved efficacious for RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS.

A West End London Doctor's experience: "Your firm will be pleased to learn that the result of using your Curicoles was so satisfactory that I recommended their use to Mrs. — who suffered for years with Arthritis. She is now entirely cured, all swelling and pain completely gone."—M.D.

Can you doubt the efficacy of this wonderful home cure with such evidence as this?

Don't delay—it costs you nothing waiting want to cure you. Send for the trial package. Curicoles give prompt relief, and will cure you. The book tells you why Curicoles are so effective, even from the very first dose. They relieve your pains, reduce swellings and make life a pleasure once more. Repeated tests prove that it is equally efficacious for simple occasional Rheumatism or for chronic cases when all other means have failed.

Send no money. Just sign the following and post to Stephen Matthews and Co., Ltd., (Dept. U/10), 1929, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Please send me your little book, The Free Home Trial Package, and your usual circulars of information, etc.

Name.....
Address.....
Ailment.....

Secretaries of Allotment Holders' Societies should write for prices for bulk orders



"The RITO smile."

READ THIS

Ewell Home Produce Society.

HIGH STREET, EVELL.

Feb. 11th, 1918.

Gentlemen,

Please send me four bushels RITO to distribute among members of above Society.

That I had from you last year certainly did wonders to my Potato crop.

(Signed)

ALBERT G. HARDS.

You can get more food

from your Allotment and Garden by using

HORTICULTURAL

RITO

(The energiser for soil bacteria)

RITO marvellously increases all allotment and garden crops. If you have any difficulty in getting it from your corn-dealer or seedsman, send order direct to The Molassine Co., Ltd. (J. B. Dept.), Greenwich. Prices: 28 lbs. 8/-; 14 lbs. 4/-; carriage paid, cash with order. (Booklet with particulars for 1d. postage.)

RITO SUITS EVERYTHING THAT GROWS

Foster Clark's

FOSTER CLARK'S 2d. SOUPS are a most wholesome substitute for Meat. Make them your daily food. You simply add Water

2d SOUPS

2ND PRIZE £25	Bullets' 1ST PRIZE £250	Bullets' 1ST PRIZE £10
10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2 10/-	50 PRIZES OF 10/-
400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 31st.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(277) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Address _____

If a coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 277, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 31st.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(277) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Address _____

If a coupon is used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, March 31st.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(277) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Address _____

If a coupon is used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for next week's "Bullets" Competition No. 278. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, MARCH 25th. Please note that all coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 278 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons MUST be addressed "Bullets" No. 278, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons MUST NOT contain any of the thirty-three Examples of the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 278.

WHEN JAPAN MOVES OUR BUTCHER UPSETTING THE MISSUS HER PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN UNAWARES	IN WRONG BOAT SALVATION ARMY CARRIES NO WEIGHT RIGHT DRESS EVERY LITTLE HELPS	INCREASING THE FARE NOW SHOWING EVERYBODY EXPECTS THAT TOMMY NOT MAKING HIM SIT UP	UNDER GOVERNMENT WHEN FATHER CARVES KEEP SMILING GRUMBLED AT NOTHING THE KAISER'S ORDERS
---	---	--	--

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, is the best "bullet" sent, and the other prizes for order of merit. The first being given to the best, and so on. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two coupons may be written by each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co.

4. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the bullet on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be clearly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

5. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be only returned to their respective senders.

6. The Editor undertakes that every bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an essential condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 277.

THE JAPANESE A FREE HAND JUST PEACE EASIER SAID THAN DONE LIKE OLD TIMES MUNITION GIRLS WHEN HUSBAND RETURNS BUYING MEAT WITHOUT A FRIEND SORRY COUPLE WASTING PAPER	NO STANDING AT THE BUTCHER'S OUT OF FURY GIVING TOWNY CREDIT MOTHER'S BOY WHILE YOU WAIT LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EVENING SERVICE WHEN QUEER STARTS WASHING DAY CHANGING HIS TUNE	OVER WEIGHT BILL OF FARE AFTER ALL SHORTCHANGED WHEN WE WAKE UP NOT LUCK HARD TO SATISFY COUNTING DAYS STANDING THE TEST THE KAISER'S AMBITION
--	---	---

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty-three examples given above. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These examples will give you: Example:—HARD TO SATISFY. Bullet:—NAVY WHEN ON RATIONS. Example:—THE KAISER'S AMBITION. Bullet:—HOLDING THE WORLD. Competitions may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated April 6th. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVANGELIST dated March 26th.

RESULT OF 275th "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:
Miss MAY WEST COOPER, 113, Eaton Street, Hanley, Staffs.
Example:—SHORT WEIGHT.
Bullet:—ANY PUNISHMENT FOR GERMANY.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25: Mr. J. CRYSTAL, 3A, Birley Street, Blackpool.
Example:—WOMEN'S ARMY CORPS
Bullet:—"DECENT LOT" ALREADY SERVING.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10: Miss A. WILSON, 6, Spottiswood St., Edinburgh.
Example:—OUT OF THE WAR
Bullet:—"SOME CAN'T" MAKE ANYTHING.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. T. SMITH, 246, High St., Eastleigh, Hants. Out of Pocket—Is There a Fall in Income?	Mr. A. H. ARNOLD, School House, Loughborough, Leics. Face and Square—Tommy Rammie Receives Parcel.
Signaller R. SIMON, 76, Charter Place, Bradford. Talk About Peace—America Hasn't Begun Yet.	Mr. J. H. CARR, 35, 36, A.S.C., Room 15, War Office, Whitehall. Short Weight—Forgot When Weighing Regiment.
Cpl. E. SHARPLES, No. 5 Coy., Canadian M.G.D., Seaford. The Last Quince—Preferable "From the Spoolman."	Miss J. SIMMONS, c/o Harvey, Newton Hall, Lechery, Northumberland. Society Beauty—Playing "Lal, Lal, Lal, Lal."
Mr. J. PHILLIPS, 77, Queen St., Maesteg, Glam. Talk About Peace—Let Those "Wind Dares"	Mr. E. P. O'MEARA, 69, Wellesley Road, West Croydon. The Present Time—Extraordinary Being "Sensibly" Diminished.
Mr. T. LONSDALE, 22, Quarry House, Westerton, Bishop Auckland. The Kaiser Imagined—Sword Will Defeat Justice.	Miss GRADY DEAN, 4, Harbeck Road, Balmaghie, Liverpool. Only Course—Bottomless Pockets—Crane Cranes.
Miss M. GREY, 2, Cyrene Villas, Cliftonpark Avenue, Belfast. Russia's Future—"Free" To Wear "Fryers."	Rev. E. H. F. MAY, Newlands, Newcastle. On Sunday—Church "Library" Too Busy.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.) Mr. H. EMMONS, 41, Langthorne Street, Fulham, London. The Kaiser Imagined—Hindenburg On Nelson's Column.	Mr. C. W. DAUGHTY, Westbury, Chichester. Without Meat—Butcher "Refused To Extremities."
Mr. E. LAYTON, Bridge End, Upton-on-Severn. Turkey's Lot—"Food And Faring" Supplied.	Mr. W. DAVIES, Council Office, Barry, Glam. Single Man—Miss Rammie—Here "Front."
Mr. C. W. WRIGHT, P.A. Mess, Bulford Camp, Salisbury Plain. Without Meat—Most Joints On Mondays.	Mrs. G. WILSON, Aylesbury House, Ebbw Vale, Glam. The Present Time—Long Parliament "Secret Commons."
Mrs. G. RUTHER, 19, New Writtle Street, Chelmsford. Sleepless Night—Jack's Bared Many Here.	Mr. A. GUNTER, 24, Barnaby Road, The Wood, Sheffield. Out of Pocket—Forgot Before The War.

(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

List of 100. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 276 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Office of "John Bull."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, an Insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, or PLOCADE.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child) who, while on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or three, and a limb.	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye.	£100
For week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks.	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or business or profession with a shop or stall) the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL from time to time.

ORDER FORM.

TO BE RETURNED BY MAIL TO:

Name of Subscriber: _____

Address: _____

Signed: _____

March 15, 1918

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to John Bull Insurance Dept., 55, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your agent will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be filled in by the subscriber, and sent to the Editor, JOHN BULL, LONG ACRE, W.C.2, for the regular supply of JOHN BULL with:

Name of Subscriber: _____

Address: _____

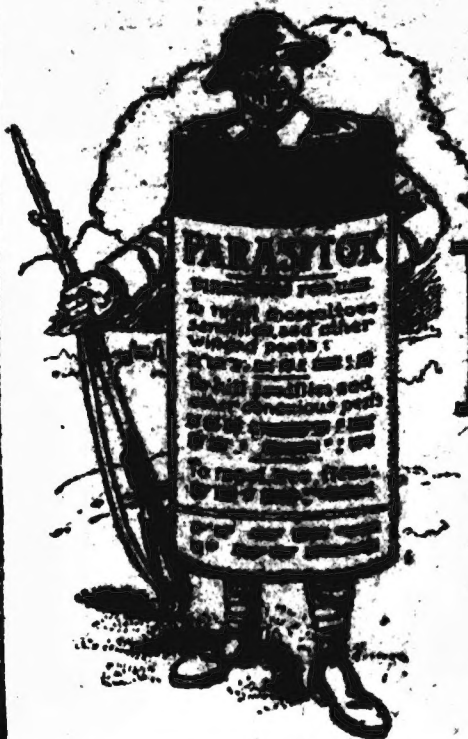
Signature of Subscriber: _____

(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home: _____

March 15, 1918.

"I Fear No Foe — that crawls and bites"



The most persistent attacks on our Tommies are made by loathsome and dreaded body vermin. This obnoxious pest carries disease and death wherever it appears. The fearful scourge malaria and sandfly fever, &c., are rampant in the wake of these dreaded pests. This ruthless foe has no terrors where Parastox is in daily use. Science has placed a permanent check upon the spread of disease through this truly wonderful scientific invention Parastox. Hundreds of thousands of gratified Tommies find relief, comfort and rest from these objectionable agents of disease.

PARASITOX PARA-SI-TOX

Parastox not only repels all insects and vermin out of the body, and effectively destroys the eggs. Simply apply to the seams of the clothing, the neck or other exposed parts of the body. The action of Parastox causes vapourisation. The heat of the body works upon its active principles and permeates the surrounding area. Cold, greasy ointments and powders are useless—there is nothing known to science so effective and efficient as Parastox. It is the one and sure method of utterly routing this fearful enemy. Send to your soldier friends.

1/- PER STICK.

OBTAINABLE from Expeditionary Forces, all branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, Parkes, Army and Navy Stores, Harrods, Selfridges, and all principal Chemists, or from Heppell's Pharmacies, 164, Piccadilly, and other Branches.

Thousands of sticks sent every week by Central Prisoners of War Committee.



The Bacteria responsible for all cases of Influenza—shown in micro-photograph taken at our Kilmarnock Bacteriological Laboratory

Scientific Aid in the Prevention of Disease.

Bacteriologists have found that the microbes answerable for ailments of the throat and lungs always enter the system by way of the mouth and throat. When danger threatens in cold or wet weather, take

EVANS' Pastilles

The effective precautionary measure against the microbes of Influenza, Catarrh, Diphtheria, Pneumonia, etc.

The unique antiseptic properties of Evans' Pastilles strengthen the vocal cords, slay and prevent irritation of the throat, and loosen any mucous secretions which may be present.

FRENCH Evans' Pastilles are specially OROUR, for preventing the unpleasant effects resulting from French climates, and are excellent for Service conditions. Send a tin to the Front.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or post free from the makers.

EVANS, SON, LESCHER & NEBE, LTD., 68, Hanover Street, LIVERPOOL, W.3.

WAR GREYNESS OFFER.

HOW TO RESTORE HAIR COLOUR IN FEW MINUTES.

John Bull readers whose hair has turned grey or faded as the result of war-time worry, overwork, illness or other cause should write (or call) for free information explaining how to restore the original colour to the hair in a few minutes.

A Paris scientist (a member of the French Faculty now serving with the French Red Cross) has discovered a method that is a vast improvement upon all pre-existing methods. His "Inecto" method is already being used by over 500 of the leading Court hairdressers and hair specialists. A Royal Princess writes: "Inecto" has given me the greatest satisfaction."

Every hair is re-coloured through and through—not merely on the outside. No artificial-looking metallic glitter. No "running" or fading. Neither hot shampoos, Turkish baths, nor perspiration alters the "Inecto" re-colouration. No one can tell that you have used "Inecto." Call or write for the "Inecto" Illustrated Treatise giving full information: The Secretary, Inecto, Ltd., 15a, North Audley Street, Oxford Street, London, W. (close to Petrograd Hotel). In writing for free Treatise please state if for lady or gentleman.

POND'S EXTRACT

Should be in every home because for 70 years it has soothed Aches, Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Bedsores, Varicose Veins, Bleeding (internal and external), Piles, Chilblains, etc.

Of all Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 and 5/- or direct for P.O. to the manufacturers. POND'S EXTRACT OINTMENT. Invaluable for all affections to which an ointment is applicable. It is the sovereign remedy for Piles, Bunions, Corns, Rough Skin, etc.

POND'S ANTISEPTIC CREAM. A cold cream, antiseptic, with wonderfully cooling and healing properties. Invaluable in all Skin Affections, and for Nasal Catarrh, Neuralgia, etc.

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 112, 113, 114, Southampton Row London, W.C.1

Pond's Extract
The Old Family Doctor

CHILDREN'S COUGHS

Bronchitis and Whooping Cough Cured by Veno's, the Remedy Children Like.

Mrs. Ratcliffe, 5, Hartley Hill, Leeds, says:—
"At the beginning of winter my little boy, Alfred, was seized with a violent cold that kept him in bed for weeks. His cough became terribly violent, and he was so choked up that he had to struggle for every breath. He was hot and feverish, too, and complained of pains all over him. Nothing seemed to do any good. The least draught brought on such violent fits of coughing that we were afraid he would burst a blood-vessel. I don't know why I did not think of Veno's, seeing that it had cured me, but I did at last. I got some for Alfred, and there was improvement almost at once. His breathing became easier and the cough less violent, and before long he was completely cured by it."



Alfred Ratcliffe.

AWARDED GRAND PRIX & GOLD MEDAL PARIS HEALTH EXHIBITION 1910.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Surest Remedy for:—

INFLUENZA, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, LUNG TROUBLES, COUGHS AND COLDS, ASTHMA, BLOOD SPITTING, NASAL CATARRH, WHOOPING COUGH, DIFFICULT BREATHING. A Bottle. 11½d. Larger Sizes 1/3 and 3/-. The 3/- size is the most economical. Of Chemists and Medicine Vendors the World over, including Leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Insist on having Veno's and refuse all substitutes.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

SHORTHAND

For ease and speed learn SHORTHAND, the only shorthand system as done Official Parliamentary Reporting. Shorthand Headquarters, Dept. 52, Kensington.



GENUINE GOLD-FILLED IDENTIFICATION DISC

Beautifully engraved with name and number and any Regimental Crest. Price 3/6, complete with strap. These are heavily plated with gold, and will last for generations as souvenirs. Splendid present for a Soldier or Sailor, or can be worn by ladies with their name and address engraved. SIMS & MAYER (Dept. J. B.), Walter House, 52, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.2.

WEAK NERVES.

Health and happiness impossible where nerve weakness exists. My FILLS BOOK shows how. Irritability, depression, all nerve, stomach, or heart weakness, irritability, brain fag, self-consciousness, etc., may be positively cured, under guarantee. BEPITICIN! Stop falling and become the success you were meant to be. Endorsed by eminent authorities. Dept. B. THOMAS INCH, 14, Claremont Road, Tulse Hill, London, S.W.

ZOX cures NEURALGIA

Quick relief in 10 minutes. Of Chemists and Stores in 1/- & 2/- tins. 7015 CO., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1



The Well-dressed Man 'stands out'

from the crowd and succeeds where others fail. To be well dressed at all times is now a simple matter, despite the high cost of clothes. You have only to

SEND THEM TO THE

BRITISH

where a suit, overcoat or ordinary uniform will be cleaned, repinned, reshaped and tailor pressed in best West-End style for the low charge of 6/- Even a discarded suit is given a new lease of life, while our regular service maintains your clothes always in perfect condition. (Ladies' Costumes from 7/6).

Write for booklet describing our "Care-of-Clothes" service.

BRITISH TAILORING & R.P.C. CO.

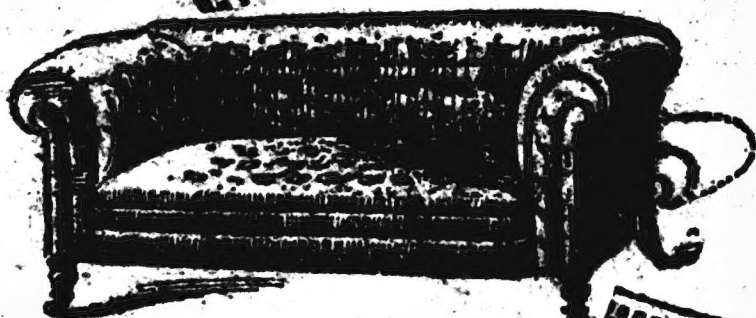
34-36, Great College St., London, N.W.

Telephone: North 2522-2281.

FREE collection and delivery anywhere within 10 miles of Charing Cross. Country and Army and Navy abroad. Parcel post; we post back FREE.



10% Discount
for Cash or
War Loan
Scrip.



Well-upholstered Chesterfield Sofas, with or without drop ends as desired. Thoroughly well sprung and covered with various shades of art tapestry. **£8 18s. 6d.**

As long as you live

You will never regret the wisdom of your decision to furnish at the "Midland." It is a fact that over 50% of the immense "Midland" business comes from old customers. They know from long experience what the true character of "Midland" furniture is. They know how well-deserved is the reputation of the "Midland" for variety of choice, beauty of design, and soundness of construction. They know that

Money buys more at the 'Midland'

Come and see the \$100,000 worth of superb furniture in the "Midland" Salons. Come and examine the plainly-marked prices. Compare them with what you would be charged elsewhere for furniture of anything like the same sterling quality. You will find that the "Midland" always gives you better value for money. And under the "Midland" Ideal Terms you can choose at your leisure and pay as you go—no extra charges.

Ideal Terms

(Open to Country)

Worth.	Per Month.	Worth.	Per Month.
£10 -	80 8 6	£20 -	81 7 6
£20 -	0 11 0	£100 -	2 15 0
£30 -	0 16 6	£200 -	3 10 0
£40 -	1 2 0	£500 -	13 15 0

Large amounts pro rata.

Country Orders

packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.



An exceedingly comfortable Easy Chair, double sprung, sumptuously upholstered and covered in art tapestry to customer's choice. An exceptional bargain at

£4 14s. 6d.

Rail Fares Paid

Customers' Fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife, in the event of the death of the purchaser. All furniture thus purchased is also insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies.

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station.

1 mile from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 7.

Saturdays—9 till 1.

Governing Director, **GEORGE MICHAEL** (who has been associated with the business for 40 years).